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**CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF  
THE BELLEVILLE ADVOCATE.**

JANUARY 1ST, 1851.

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(From the Belleville Advocate, January 2, 1851.)

The chiming bell proclaims the knell  
 Of a departing year,  
 And while the sound prevails around,  
 Another one is here.  
 Day unto day its speeches uttereth,  
 While night to night its knowledge muttereth.  
 Time passes on with eighteen fifty,  
 His shoulders bowed with burthens thrifty.  
 Farewell, old fellow, if you're going—  
 You've taught us lessons worth the knowing.  
 Hail Fifty-one! we bid you welcome;  
 May joy attend your steps, not ill come.  
 The Carrier bids you Hail! and proffers  
 A Happy New Year to his patrons,  
 While this address to each he offers,  
 And craves indulgence for its errors.  
 The theme inspired by this occasion,  
 Induces here an invocation:  
 And being inclined to invoke,  
 He'd try his hand at any rate.  
 Who knows but that his laboring muse,  
 Propitiated, won't refuse,  
 When he invokes, to lend her aid.  
 And thus between the two, by hook or crook, some verses  
 may be made?  
 Descend, oh Muse! whose charms great Homer courted;  
 To whom sweet Virgil was divinely wedded;

With whom a Lucian happily disported  
 And who with Tasso was indulgent bedded;  
 With Milton, too, thou many a time hast flirted,  
 Nor suffer lesser poets to be bed-rid.  
 I now invoke you to a subject rarer  
 Than e'er inspired them—softly! I won't dare her.  
 Dids't thou not actuate great Camoen's genius?  
 Whereby extravagantly he discoursed  
 Of heathen spirits, and of God's which screen us,  
 From direst demons when they work their worst?  
 Didst thou not paint the crimes which most demean us,  
 Telling of passions which make men accurst,  
 By thy fam'd son old Cambray's worthy Bishop  
 Furnishing topics which he'd fairly dished up?  
 'Tis not for fiction that I crave your aid;  
 Fables in this have not a place, nor any  
 Magic, nor frightful scenes in forests laid,  
 Nor here are incidents, nor facts too many.  
 To senseless follies of this kind betrayed,  
 Is not my foible—we are not a zany:  
 The fact is here, we don't delight in fiction,  
 And at the best, are negligent of diction.  
 Sweet Muse! with me you'll find nought intricate,  
 Nor any vague, nor undigested matter;  
 My characters express nor love, nor hate,  
 Nor do they censure, praise, deride or flatter;  
 Each sentiment's enclosed in words not great;  
 Like oysters fried in palatable batter.  
 Still is the subject perfectly heroic;  
 The hero feeling though like any stoic.  
 But vain the attempt! alas, my pow'rs to reach  
 The gladsome heights of pure poetic glory,  
 Flag in the effort! 'tis in vain I stretch  
 My warming fancy to acquire new glory;  
 My timid muse like some demented wretch,  
 Pausing and wandering, dare not come before ye  
 Alons my muse! the subject rises higher—  
 I smoke—I steam—I blaze—I'm all on fire!

Hail Fifty-one—but that I said  
 When I commenced this light tirade  
 Therefore omitting iteration,  
 I'll on, without more invocation.  
 Pass'd through a season of unusual scenes.  
 Patrons we've entered on New Year's demesnes,  
 The past, like a vast landscape spread around,  
 Lays open to our retrospective gaze;  
 At times obscur'd by darkness most profound,  
 But mainly lighted by success' rays.  
 What though the Fanatic may threaten ill  
 To our fair land, and seek t' intimidate?  
 In every valley and on every hill,  
 Freemen will throng to justify the State.  
 Yes, long as Liberty shall be revered,  
 Long as the virtuous, and the wise and good  
 Shall live, so long shall Tyrants trembling and afeared,  
 Retire abashed with all their servile brood!  
 From our fair Land the rays of Freedom gleam,  
 And from our shores the vivid lightnings stream,  
 Till the whole world illum'd, exert their pow'rs,  
 And say in truthfulness the glorious boon is ours.  
 Hail, happy Country! land of power and ease,  
 Hail, as thou art, sublime in war and peace.  
 Matchless in beauty, high in intelligence,  
 Great without bombast, good without pretence.  
 The simple Carrier bids thee still be great;  
 The simple Carrier may aspire to State;  
 For here as proud, as good, as great, may be,  
 The veriest clown as crowned majesty.  
 All hail to Belleville! hail to our fair City;  
 First object for a stanza or a ditty!  
 Here have aris'n men of immortal mind,  
 The praise of all, the glory of our kind.  
 Fearless, yet modest Bissell, hence has gone,  
 And on the field of Buena Vista shown,  
 The pride of old St. Clair, we view elate  
 Him, gallant champion of our Prairie State.

The valorous Shields eager in glory's cause;  
 A proper impulse bids him win applause,  
 On battlefield he shed his generous blood;  
 In Council Hall the Pow'rs of wrong withstood.  
 Here, too, a Koerner, Trumbull, Underwood,  
 Reynolds, Fouke, Kinney at the bar have stood,  
 Morrison, Abend, Baker, Snyder, Niles,  
 Anxious to earn their peers' approving smiles,  
 Have poured in eloquence the legal strain,  
 And held the Assembly bound with magic chain.  
 Here—bless'd asylum from the oppressor's chain,  
 Our open'd arms have not been op'd in vain,  
 Heroic Hecker with his brave compeers,  
 Has sought and found a Home for ending years.  
 Here countless thousands—thousands yet unborn—  
 At home oppress'd, down trodden and forlorn,  
 Will come to prove the freedom of our shore,  
 And feast on blessings never known before.  
 Hail, land of Liberty! abode of peace,  
 Where life and property are kept with ease!  
 May no dark traitor aim a murderous blow  
 At blessings here enjoyed, no others know.  
 If paracidal hand be raised to thee,  
 Curs'd to ill fame for all eternity,  
 May the dire wretch be doom'd to endless hate;  
 And sink the vilest miscreant in the state.  
 May the tongue rot which fain would raise the cry  
 Of fell disunion to our unity;  
 And blacken'd deeper than the shades of hell,  
 May his name stand among the names of ill.  
 Nor would the Carrier cease his tuneful lays,  
 'Till he has mentioned those "ABOVE ALL PRAISE,"  
 The fairer, fairest portion of creation.  
 Man's highest object of high adoration;  
 Fair Woman! Belles of Belleville! health to you all!  
 May you be bless'd, as to us you are true, all,  
 May the best wishes of our heart attend you,  
 And a kind Pow'r with choicest gift befriend you

May you be blessed at this the opening year  
With heav'n in prospect, and with blessings here.  
To Maids we wish good husbands, and to Wives  
Plenty of buxom bairns and comfortable lives.  
Once more the Carrier lifts his voice, and here  
Wishes to each and all a glad New Year;  
And as he lifts his voice, he lifts his cap,  
Hoping dame Fortune may be pleased to hap,  
And pour her choicest blessings in her lap.  
May peace and plenty, health and conscience pure,  
Attend your steps and happiness ensure;  
And when old Time shall ring your funeral knell,  
May a glad heart proclaim with truth, "ALL'S WELL."